SIDE BETS WHILE A RACE IS ON

MONEY THE SHREWD JUDGES PICK UP AT THE TRACK.

Pittsburg Phil's Remarkable Ability at Naming a Winner When the Horses Were in the Stretch-Bookmakers

Who Lay Wagers on Chance of a Foul. Not many of them standing on the lawn in front of the grand stand or squatting on high chairs outside the betting ring nowatays can tell for a sure thing which horse is going to cop when the field hits the top of the stretch," said one of the old guard of turf followers. "Anybody can call the turn, of course, when some speedy stayer is tincanning out in front at that stage of it with his mouth wide open and the boy

eitting still and looking back.

"But it's different when a well matched and closely handicapped bunch hit the stretch all together like a parading troop of cavalry doing a right wheel.

"It takes a man with a jockey's judgment of pace and an almost mathematical knowledge of just how many ounces of run each of the horses has got in him to name the correct one when there's a rail to rail lineup of the best ones stretched across the track at the top of the run home.

"Pittsburg Phil had that end of it sewed up. Nobody ever approached him at it. No matter how equally the leaders in the biggest kind of a race were running at the turn for home, Phil would commonly take his field glasses from his eyes at that junoture, clap them into the case and, without looking at the horses again till they flashed by, quietly observe to the gang that always huddled around him to get his idea of things before the finish, 'So and So'll win,' and I never knew him to name the wrong one, even when something came from the clouds at the very end and hooked up for a headlong sprint to the wire with the one he had called as the winner.

"In addition to his perfect knowledge of what the horses struggling in a race were up to, he must have possessed the thing called intuition at that game. That's what everybody who knew him thought, and they think so yet. He always denied such a thing himself, though, and laughed at the suggestion. He said that he could tell by the running action of a horse in the final stages of a race how he was going to finish. This involved his scrutiny through the glasses of the flying action of all the horses in a field as they approached the telling part of the journey-pretty fine work in

"Whatever the faculty was, he had it developed to such an almost uncanny degree that he could predict the defeat of a horse that seemed even to good judges to be going like a lion out in front, and that, with a long lead at the head of the stretch, appeared to be a certain winner. Phil could detect the leg-weariness of the strongest kind of a front-runner when that one seemed to have many pounds left for the dash to the tape, and with the same quick eye that caught, when nobody else caught it, the curling up indications on the part of the spread-eagler, he could call the horse, often away back, that would do the buildog stunt within the eighth pole and snatch the victory by a nod.

"There were times when even Phil's friends, familiar as they were with his infallibility at this game, could not stand for his offhand verdict. I happened to be by once when Bill Cowan, one of Phil's closest friends, refused to believe that the plunger had it right.

"It was a distance race-I forget which one now, but I believe it was the Lawrence Realization—in which Ethelbert was the topheavy favorite.

Ethelbert started our and made the pace like 'Awkins's 'Orse. He was fitter than he had ever been in his life and he was getting When he turned into the stretch with all kinds of daylight between him and the next horse, David Garrick, and going without the least friction-that is, it appeared that way to practically everybody-the immense crowd set up the Ethelbert roar.

"Nothing to it but Ethelbert,' even the bookies on their chairs out on the lawn said to each other dismally, for their sheets were cluttered with columns of big and little bets on the favorite. "Ethelbert something e-e-e-easy!"

howled the chearful folks in the stand who had got their checks down on the flying *Pittsburg Phil, watching the race from

s chair placed near the cheap field partition, put away his glasses calmly when Ethelbert swung into the stretch alone. 'David Garrick wins,' he said in the

tone of a man making some observation about the weather. He wasn't trying to root his horse home, either. The fact that he had \$2,000 on Garrick at 20 to 1 had nothing to do with his placid announcement. Wrong for once, Phil!' sung out Bill Cowan, who was standing close to Phil's

chair. 'I'm laying you a thousand to a hundred that Ethelbert cops.' 'On, Bill,' said Phil, without even turning to look at Cowan

Down the stretch thundered the mighty Ethelbert with his even, space devouring pace, showing no signs of quitting or craw-

fishing. As a matter of fact Ethelbert didn't dog it at all that day at any stage of the route. But the one behind him, David Garrick, had more power left. With tremendous leaps and a courage that was not to be denied Garrick bounded after Ethelhert after being well straightened out for home, and he gained upon the favorite by "Even this caused no consternation in the

minds of the Ethelbert folks, for their horse seemed to be going too easily, and certainly seemed to have too long a lead to be caught. But Pittsburg Phil had realized the immense reserve power of Garrick at the very instant that one gathered himself together for his run. There was a cry of dismay that lengthened into a groun all over the place when Garrick gradually closed the gap and got his muzzel at Ethelbert' saddle skirts. From that point it was horserace between those two that caused men and women alike to shriek like savages. Garrick ranged alongside Ethelbert well within the sixteenth pole, and then down to the wire the two thundered like one horse. In the very last jump the tiger-ish Garrick nodded down first, nalling the race by a face, as we say-literally, an inch

"Phil climbed down from his stool and

"Phil climbed down from his stool and started to walk away with a smile at the corners of his mouth.

"'Don't forget that you're into me a thousand, Phil,' Cowan called after him. "You'd have been burned at the stake for a wiz a couple of hundred years ago.'

"There's plenty of this side betting still going on during the running of races, particularly down near the end where the layers and their crews watch the contests, but since Phil died there's nobody sitting on a perch with a pair of glasses on the nags whose pronouncement as to what the finish is going to be carries the weight that the dead plunger's advance verdict used to have. But they get a lot of fun out of the side betting, and there's profit in it for the shrewd, if not infallible, ones "Some of the sharpeyed chaps employ the side betting scheme when a race is nearly over as a scheme for picking up soft money from casual racegoers. They're good at picking the right one when the real

fight begins at the beginning of the run for home. They operate generally in the grand stand, and their possession of field glasses gives them a bulge on the casuals with whom they make these side bets, few of the latter being equipped with the binoculars.

"One of these smart fellows with the knack of calling the turn will get alongside some chap in the stand who looks like a favorite player, as most of the occasional racegoers really are. The favorite, we'll say, is an even money proposition. He gets off in front and when he leads down to the top of the stretch the chap who has been selected as a mark by the smart fellow with the glasses begins to howl joyously. The smart fellow perceives that the favorite is weakening.

"I have been studying types," said a pretty girl, "trying to discover what kind of woman a man likes.

"I haven't got very far in my researches, s weakening.

smart fellow perceives that the favorite is weakening.

"'The one in front is running for Sweeney and the end book,' he says, 'I'm there with I to 1 against that one.

"'For how much?' quickly puts in the joyous chap who's on the favorite, biting. He sees with the naked eye that his horse is still out in front and he can't see that the horse is showing signs of dogging it.

"'Oh, fifty to twenty-five or a hundred to fifty, if you want it,' says the smart one, and nine times out of ten the casual racegoer, taking another hurried look to note that the favorite is still leading, will more than golble this bait.

"'You're on,' he says, producing his bankwad, and the bet is made. It is hardly made before the favorite backs into the bunch and the good thing who has pitted his inexperience and his unaided vision against experience and a pair of strong field glasses has to go into his dungarees for the amount of his lost side bet.

"Of course these orafty manipulators

has to go into his dungarees for the amount of his lost side bet.

"Of course, these crafty manipulators of side bets have to wait for races in which it appears certain that they'll be able to hand themselves a shade, but there's always something doing for them on every day's card. They can work the dodge the reverse way just as easily.

"The excited casual racegoer in the stand unbelts on a favorite that is a slow beginner,

"The excited casual racegoer in the stand unbelts on a favorite that is a slow beginner, for instance, or one that liked to be placed, and that always comes from behind. As the field gets to the far turn with this favorite still back in the bunch the inexperienced chap begins to lose hope. The occasional at the racetrack wants to see his horse out in front from flagfall to the wire. When the field reaches the stretch with his horse still away back the casual reaches the field below the field reaches the stretch with his horse still away back the casual reaches the field below the field reaches the stretch with his horse still away back the casual reaches the field reaches the field reaches the field reaches the field below the field reaches the field reaches

still away back the casual reaches the nail biting stage and inwardly curses his luck for landing on a dead one. He doesn't see, what the experienced men with the glasses can easily see, that the favorite is merely galloping with his head away up and his tail swishing, and that the boy hasn't begun to let the horse down yet.

"Well, the favorite's a goner,' the casual is pretty apt to say, or, if he doesn't nudge the situation along by saying it, the sharp eyed chap who is there alongside of him lets out some crack about the likelihood of the favorite winning yet, not making it strong enough, however, to arouse any dormant hope in the bosom of the depressed casual.

"'I'd be willing to take 3 to 1 against the the favorite yet—just a chance,' is about the way the smart guy puts it.
"The down in the mouth casual, who

"The down in the mouth casual, who has perhaps taken even money against the favorite, will jump at this chance to hedge nearly every time.

"I'll give you 3 to 1,' he says eagerly, seeing his horse still taking the dust of a lot of the front runners that are doing their dandiest at this stage of it. How much d'ye want at 3 to 1?

"Thus that kind of a side bet is made, and the terms of it are hardly out of the mouths of the bettors before the slow beginner or stretch finishing favorite is let down by his rider and hops to the front in a dozen strides, winning on the bit—

let down by his rider and hops to the front in a dozen strides, winning on the bit—a probability that the smart duck has, of course, been able to measure from the time the field hit the backstretch.

"It's still easier for the side betting wise ones with a knack of picking out soft marks to get action in their line on steeple-chase events. Some plug that hasn't a chance in the world for any part of the coin goes out to make the running and even at the end of the first mile has a long lead that looks fine to the occasionals, who stand around audibly blasting their luck because they haven't taken a chance on that one at the juloy price.

"Well, that one won't be one, two, three, says the experienced chap with the glasses,

says the experienced chap with the glasses, fishing for bets from the fellows to whom the leading horse in the jumping race looks

"Won't, hey?' three or four of the marks are liable to say all together. What are you laying against him?'
"The crafty fellow in the side-betting

business names a price about a quarter or even less than the ring price before they were off, and they take the hook with avid-ity. The front-running lepper soon begins to show his leg-weariness, and long before

ity. The front-running lepper soon begins to show his leg-weariness, and long before the second mile is over most of the field have swept by him, if, indeed, he hasn't actually come a cropper over one of the hedges. The side bettors who make a business of this end of it pick up their softest coin on the timber races.

"There are big on-the-level side bets, too, between regulars at the game who have no chance or desire to do each other, and who are willing to take their chance merely for the sake of more gambling. Many of these side bets are on fouls. One of the regulars will see what he considers a palpable foul in a race. He'll offer to lay the regulars standing alongside of him a hundred or five hundred or even a thousand, even money or at odds, that a foul will be claimed, and such bets are always covered by fellows who don't believe that the foul has been noticed by the people in the judges' stand. "Again, when a foul is actually claimed there are big bets down at the bookies' end on the outcome whether the foul will be allowed or not. I've seen as high as \$5,000 up in a bet of this kind. In close finishes the bookies and their crews, standing at the lower end and therefore at an angle where they can't tell which horse gains the verdict, but are willing to bet that their

where they can't tell which horse gains the verdict, but are willing to bet that their judgment of the angle is correct, often slap up big money before the numbers are hung out on the opinion that their eyesight is better than their mates'. Eddie Burke once bet George Wheelook \$1,000 that a certain horse that came with a wet sail and finished on the outside had won his race by at least a head. The numbers went up, and Burke lost. His humiliation was keen when, on going into the chartmakers' stand and inquiring, he discovered that the horse he had declared to be the winner by a head had really been beaten two lengths, the bad angle from the bookmakers' end, of course, accounting for Burke's poor idea of the finish. Burke hasn't made any side bets from the he hasn't made any side bets from the angle as to the finish of a race since that time, either."

HOW THE SWISS MAKE AN ARMY 887,000 Soldiers to a Population of Only Three Millions.

The Swiss army is one of the most remarkable of her political institutions. It is the ideal toward which the common people of every European country, weighed down with taxation to support huge standing armies, turn with longing and hope. According to the Arena the Swiss system of militia saves millions of money to the

military service to the soldiers. Practically all Swiss serve from the age 20 to 50 in the militia and reserves. The raw recruits go into schools, the infantry for forty-five days, the cavalry for eighty

taxpayers and gives years of freedom from

days. After this the cavalry serves sixteen day each year and the infantry and artillery fourteen days each every other year. The reserves serve only five or six days every

four years. The efficers, of course, are carefully trained in good schools for a period of years.

This short service would be insufficient were it not preceded and supplemented by military training for boys in school and rifle practice every year by practically all Swiss citizens.

Target shooting is the national sport, and in accordance with the law a place for target practice must be supplied by every town in the country. As an encouragement prizes of all sorts are offered by the

national Government.

Thus little Switzerland, with a population of less than 3,000,000 of people, has an army of 337,000 of the most martial soldiers of Europe—armed, equipped and ready to take the field at a moment's notice.

"I haven't got very far in my researches, for I have only been able to study the fomen in the summer hotels, the home women and the women who play cards.
My curriculum will not be complete until I have studied the women of every land. Still my observations have given me some thing upon which to base conclusions.

"Thus far I would say that men like quiet women. They do not like chatty girls. They prefer to do the chatting themselves. "Wherever you see a quiet little puss in corner, you may be sure some man will

Romeo can still say good-night until it is minute after.

"All men like a woman with a sweet expression. The man of to-day likes a healthy girl. There is no place for the sickly beauty in the love world of to-day. "And men like a girl of lively temperament. They like a girl who can laugh and show two rows of r retty teeth in doing

so. Men do not like the girl who looks on the dark side of things. They like the light hearted girl. "There is little or no call for the frivolous beauty. But the bright, sweet faced girl of lively temperament is the one that is in

most demand. "A man likes a girl who has tact. The girl of tact considers you first; then herself; then the rest of the world. And, when she does not know what to do next, she is silent. She knows exactly when to keep silent and when to talk.

"About physical peculiarities, the man of the season has real and very decided tastes. He likes a girl with a good complexion. He likes a girl with nice teeth.

There is something very inviting about morning, and he can talk nothings by the hour and forget that he has said them a rectly shaped, yet if the teeth are white and even and fragrant, one can forgive a great deal.

The man of the season likes a girl with a little waist. Say what you please about health and hygiene, preach till you're dead about physical culture and nature's true shape, the fact remains that a trim little waist is pretty.

"Men like women who can do physical culture stunts. It is remarkable how popular these gymnasium girls have be-

"Watch a gymnasium class file out and you can count, in the ranks, all the belles of the season. The girls are so graceful so light on their feet, so sensible, so strong and so healthy that the men simply love

"Men like girls_who do not cry and who never get tired. It is distressing to take a girl upon a yachting cruise if she sobs in a squall and gets tired dodging the

"Men like rich girls. There is no doubt

about it



"'I like a rich girl,' said a man, 'because she is so comfortable in her ways. The poor girl has an anxious manner. But the rich girl, with half a million back of her, is comfortable. She feels at ease about her future. If more poor girls knew this it would be the better for them. It isn't so much the money as it is the manner

cast their eyes downward at an early stage of the game, and they know a thing or two about shoe leather.

"The girl with lumpy bumpy shoes seldom has a heau. The girl with a flat instep never has one.

"The girl who wears big, ugly old shoes and whose laces are dull and gray is never troubled with sweethearts, and the gir whose shoes do not match her gown ha very little chance this season.

"Men love white shoes. White slippers

and even white canvas ties have a sort of angelic look to them. One can imagine that the wings have begun to sprout when one sees those immaculate white feet. "And men like girls who are nice in their

ways. There is something catchy about a girl who is dainty in small essentials. Men like girls who can sit and do nothing There has been too much of the ambitious woman. They like a girl who can sit and think of nothing at all. They like the girl who is sweet and quiet, idle and amiable They can do all the rest for themselves."

INDERS IN THEIR WHISKERS.

cover up his slip of the tongue, he added:

"Men simply love a good disposition.

Say what you will about the coquette and

her fascinating ways, the man of the world

is won by a good temper and some sweet

"He doesn't like pettishness and he

won't stand for coquettishness. In the long

run he loves the girl who has always a smile

"Men like girls who do not quarrel. Men

ike bright, sweet, sentimental girls. They

like girls who can sit out on the piazza

with them or say sweet nothings. They

can do that for themselves. But they do

like girls of sentiment; they like girls who

can appreciate a good thing, and who like

"The girl who can sit and look at the stars

or who is equal to balcony gazing is the

Juliet of to-day. She never lacks a Romeo.

"They don't want girls who fall in love

railing and look at the stars.

to be talked to and raved over.

She has such a splendid disposition.'

'Raus Mid 'm Pepper Box!" They Cried, and Smiler Lost His Job.

"Ah, g'wan," said Smiler, engineer of the tug Jacob Zeissen, to the reporter. "Waffor d'ye want that 'ere? 'Tain't worrying me none: 'tain't worrying Smiler. That hat, though. "He rolled his hands over each other off in the direction of the big oily basin with the rusty tramps heaving on its swell. He repeated the dumb show of something flitting, and looked seriously at the reporter to see if the reporter caught the idea. He put a beefy finger or two on the knee that dangled over the stringpiece.

Then suddenly he rolled back against the engine room door in a seizure of choking laughter. That is why they call him Smiler. He has no other name for his 200 pounds. "Coming aboard, ve know, at 2 o'clock this morning after I blown in me month's pay. The hat-" he fell back upon the fitting move with his hands again. "Oneforty-eight," he added, in an undertone, as a sort of epitaph for the hat.

Git ole Bill Gulden ter tell ye the one about the Dutchmen. Whiskers. Oh! Down here." He stuck out his hands under his chin waving the fingers outward like a fringe "Like this-see." Laughter stopped him for a minute from saying anything but "Great Sponge," "Holy Mattress. and such shortcut expressions. Finally he enlightened the hearer.

"That's the Dutchman, you know Bunches like this." He repeated the waving curling gestures for the reporter's "Bill has whishers, too. Yes. Mop either

side his nose. That kind. M-m, and a great big bow fender. This way." He moothed his hands over an extensive imagspary rotundity in front of him. Funny ol' fellow, Bill." "Bowlegged, too. Like this."

stepped out rather unsteadily along the deck shaping his abdomen and legs after the profile of the letter S. Returning to the part of the wharf where the reporter's knees were dangling, he straightened up. extending himself like a jack in the box and prodding one of the reporter's knees with his finger tips, not noticing the effect of this move on the reporter's balance.

SLENDER AND GRACEFUL.

"I was fireman and Bill Gulden he was the captain. Fireman. I ain't fireman no more about the craft now. Engineer, too. Jus' like I am here. Y'ought to see of Bill Crusty. Brwrwrw." This last remark was delivered with a frown, and came from deep down in Smiler's vitals somewhere. He seemed pleased with his result and anxious that it should not be lost on his hearer. He repeated it in a louder tone. "Brwrwrwrw." He amplified it. "That way, you know. Crusty."

It was not quite plain whether "Brwrwrwrw" was a free quotation of Skipper Gulden's utterances when in that crusty Gulden's utterances when in that crusty mood of his or merely Smiler's comment on the way that it affected Smiler.

"Well, we was nosing the Kronprinz Wil'm, I guess it was, into the dock down below. All Dutchmen. Some ginnies with green shirts in the steerage, but all the others Dutchmen. Whiskers. Whiskers in the east wind. Rank—them whiskers flying over the rail. Whew! Ugh! Not fer mine!"

flying over the rail. When Ughi Novfer mine!"

"(Cap,' I hollers, 'wha's them human
hair fenders hanging over her rail?'

"Cap was mad with that. 'Cause why?
Whiskers on his own. Like this. Right
and lefters. Yep, that's him." Smiler
stroked imaginary ornaments on his upper
stroked imaginary ornaments. All the
Dutchmen has 'em.

"Well, we come in close, to nose the hull
into her pier. There was the ginnies

into her pier. There was the ginnies with their oilcloth trunks a ready hoisted to their shoulders, and there was the first cabin white faces, looking overboard to make sure the tugboats done their trick to "We nosed agin her with our bow fende "We nosed agin her with our bow fende

right under the officers' bridge. I could hear 'em up above. 'Drow oferboart mit dat rope tam eselhund.' I looked out of me window.

"I see their whiskers was the ones of the whole bunch. Like tinder. The Dutch band strikes up then somewhere insider

her. They dies down after a few minnite.
Then I could hear things again.
"Hear our exhaust again. Tphtt-tphtttphtt-tphtt. Twhtt, twt, twt. The old
tug bustin herself to git the big un around.
Our smoke coming out thin as tobacker
smoke—needed more coal slung in.
"Bill yells down, for why he seen she's
smoking yaller. "That Smiler," he yells.
'He don't want to open her out too quick,
The smut will hit the officers." Always
yelled like that from the doorpost to tell
yer. He knew I was just going to put on
some coal. ome coal. "I put in a bunch. Filled her un.

some coal.

"I put in a bunch. Filled her up."
Smiler illustrated the process by fiercely punching the unprotected knee with his thick fingers. "Filled her up." He winked epigrammatically. "I took a spy out of me window up at that blond spinage, and I got me bar and mixed the coal up fine. "Flings open me damper. Out she comes. Shweel" Smiler flung his fists overhead to make more vivid the outrush of rank bituminous smoke. He allowed himself the moderate laugh of a man who has enjoyed the good thing before, and looked gravely at the landaman to see how much of facts he was absorbing.

"Red hot." he grinned. "Cinders. Smoke and cinders. Red hot. Up they goes into the Dutchmen's beards, them red hot cinders.

"Heraus mid 'm verdamdes pepperbox."
"Heraus mid 'm verdamdes pepperbox."
"That's what they yelled up there. Could hear 'em sizzling, with the cinders in their whiskers. Danced around." He executed an imitation of a very active Dutchman flecking away live cinders, unti-one of his seizures of laughter made him

stop.
"'Raus mid 'm pepperbox," he repeated

"Raus mid 'm pepperbox," he repeated faintly.

Recovering himself he glowered up at the landsman and worked his hands in the spasmodic way to be seen among stage villains. After approaching in this style to within a few inches of him he grinned genially, in evident appreciation of his success at imparting an idea.

"Like the . you know," he intimated." The Dutchmen. Bill, too, the skipper. I hear him up overhead, dancing on his hat and squealing out Dutch curses. Then he come down to lick me.

"Ain't I told you to look out?' and with that he shakes his fist at me.

"Then I picks up a big hunk of coal, and I says to him, 'Ah, what ye want?'

"And with that he waddles back, up into his hencoop again."

Shortly after, Smiler genially intimated, he quit working under old Bill Gulden.

REAL FUN AT A COUNTRY BALL GAME

Even the Girls Had a Hand in Helping the Bel Air Team Out.

"I saw a neighborly, cheery and mighty entertaining game of ball down in Mary land the other afternoon," said a man whose ousiness compels him to do a lot of out-ofthe-way prowling. "Happened at Bel Air, county seat of Hartford county. Bel Air's a kind of Stoke Pogis or Alexandria, Va. that you reach-if you've got to do that kind of reaching on a ourly-one railroad from Baltimore to York, Pa.; called Aleck Brown's line, Aleck Brown being some-body of other in Baltimore with the price.

Bel Air is only about twenty-five or thirty miles from Baltimore, but when you get there you imagine that it's at least three thousand miles from anything re-motely resembling Baltimore. There's a fine oil painting of Edwin Booth hanging in the court room of the Bel Air court house. You wonder about that till you find out that most of the children of Junius Brutus Booth were born on a little farm at a settlement two or three miles from Bel Air called Fountain Green. The old Booth homestead's still standing there, occupied now by a family of the name of Mahoney.

Edwin Booth did his first acting stunt right in the Bel Air court house when he was hardly more than a boy, back yonder in the early '40s, and that's why, a few years before his death, he had this fine picture of himself painted and gave it to the Bel Air folks. You wonder when you hear all this how such a stormy petrel as Junius Brutus Booth the elder, who liked a touch of high life and then some, ever managed to content himself with the drone of the katydids and the tree toads in such a place as Fountain Green, Hartford county, Maryland, but your wondering in this respect hasn't got anything whatever to do with that game of baseball I started to

talk about.

"The club that played against the Bel Air nine was the Sparrows Point team. Sparrows Point, I believe, is some place nearer to Baltimore than Bel Air, but you'll have to ask somebody else about that. The Sparrows Point outfit, it seems, had had the Bel Air club buffaloed from the beginning of the season, and so all Bel Air turned out on this afternoon to take in this last game of the season between the two clubs. You can believe me or not, but there must have been fully 150 people on the grounds, counting those who witnessed the game from buggies, wagons, buckboards, milk vehicles and such like, on the side lines and in part of the outfield.

"The Bel Air baseball park-sure call it a park-is right across the way from the Bel Air railroad station. When no game's going on you couldn't tell it from any other vacant lot that's skinned in the middle for ball playing purposes. It isn't fenced in at all, except in front, where the grand stand is -ye-eh, they call it a grand stand, too. Just a lot of posts, about ten feet apart, on the two long sides. But when a game is going to be played they stretch canvas on these poles, giving it a sort of pony circus look, so's to stall off the rubbering of the tightwads who hate to cough up two hits-that's the price for males, and 10 cents for girls and women-to see a ball

Where the rear outfield fence is on sure enough ball grounds a deep jungle begins abruptly on the Bel Air ball playing location -almost impenetrable brush and trees. Foxy boys and men who want to see the game for nothing fight their way from behind through this jungle to a point where they think they can get a peek at what's going on on the skinned lot, but the management knows all about that dodge. The management keeps a bunch of hard looking dogs stationed along the edge of that jungle, and when the jungle peepers show up there the dogs take after 'em and run 'em through the brush and right up trees. They're all trained as coon dogs, you see, and they never stop chasing these would-be peckers till they get 'em treed. So that the jungle way of seeing the Bel Air games isn't so popular now as it used to be in former sea-

"The management recently fixed up way to crab the scheme of the freight car peekers, too. There are always five or six freight cars pulled up on a siding right alongside where the canvas is stretched on the poles nearest the depot. Black boysand men availed themselves of this snap for a long time before the management doped out a way to break 'em up. They just squatted on the tops of the freight cars, scores of them, and they had just as good a view of the games as the people who'd loosened up to the tune of two bits or a

queer their game worked in practice. There were probably 150 of the dinges, boys and men, on the tops of the five freight cars on that afternoon. Just at a critical part of the game a switch engine sneaked backward-sneaked is the only word, for nary the sound came from the engine-on th siding. The blacks on top of the freight cars were too much interested in the game to notice the backward slink of the locomotive, which only crawled until it had got within ten feet of the nearest car. Then the engineer suddenly slapped on a bunch of steam and drove the tender into the car with a bully bump. About two dozen of the boogs were bumped off the cars, but there was nice, tall grass on either side of the siding, and so they only got a jarring.

"The others started to climb down, but a brakeman quickly coupled the engine to the front car, the engineer gave his old humpback four bells ahead and presently the blacks were being carried on to the main track at such a hustling rate that there was no chance for them to jump off without hurting themselves. I heard afterward that the engineer took the train of five freight cars about four miles down the track, where a crew of switchmen with clubs drove the darkies from the cars, and all of 'em had to hoof it back to Bel Air by the tie counting method. The engine brought the cars back to the siding.

'Where d'je dump 'em, Buck?' I heard one of the management of the ball park inquire of the engineer when the freight cars were brought back on the siding.
"! Bout four mile down, replied the engi neer, biting off a chew of tobacco. 'Reckon

none of 'em 'll git back till th' game's over. "I'm not a suspicious person, but I in ferred from that that the ball park management had made some kind of an arrangement with the railroad folks. "There isn't any coeducation at the Be

Air summer baseball school. The girls and women are partitioned off from the boys and men in the grand stand, which consists of about eight tiers of benches, rising pretty perpendicularly, so that the girls and women have to devote a lot of their time to the business of keeping their skirts wrapped tightly around them. Some of them forgot the perpendicularity of the stand in the excitement of the game, so that the fleeting hosiery displays to those who watched the game from their rigs on the side lines.—I was one of them—was worth a whole lot more than the two bits charged for admission; you

can take it from me.

"Mighty pretty lot of girls to be segregated that way—all or most of 'em in white dresses and with ribbon bows in their back dresses and way—all or wampire wings. The boys dresses and with ribbon bows in their back hair the size of vampire wings. The boys and men on the other side of the partition from the wholesome locking bunch of girls gazed kind o' hungrily into the feminine enclosure, and according to my figures those young fellows are going to tear that partition down some day—management or no management.

enclosure, and according to my figures those young fellows are going to tear that partition down some day—management or no management.

"But if the girls were separated from the boys in the stand, don't you think for a minute that they didn't have a lot to do with the playing of that game of ball. The girls not only knew the Bel Air players, but they had 'em trained to obedience. For instance one of the Bel Air players laid down a squabby little bunt in front of the pitcher. The pitcher dreamed some in fielding the easy bunt, and it was a close thing between the ball and the runner when he got it to first. The umpire motioned the runner off the bag, but the runner didn't see him. There was a big howl over the decision, but the umpire remained unmoved.

"Git off,' he said to the man on first, who, squatting on the bag while the uproar went on, pretending to fix his shoelaces, didn't seem to hear the umpire.

"A tall, pretty girl with a big lavender bow in her back hair, stood up excitedly in her place in the top tier of the almost perpendicular stand and watched the proceedings with blasing black eyes.

"You're out!' the umpire called out again to the man on first. 'Git off that bag.'

"The man on the bag rose to his feet and was about to slouch away from the base when the tall girl called out to him:

"Jim! You, Jim!"

"The man stopped on the base and looked up at the girl inquiringly.

"'im, you stay right there on that sack!' the girl commanded him from her perch in the stand. 'Do you hear me, boy? Don't you dare move off that bag!'

"There was a tone in her voice that Jim must have been a heap familiar with all right, for he just sat right down on the bag again.

"Whee! Good for you, Jim! That's mindin' some!' the growd howled.

right, for he just sat right down on the bag again.

"Whee! Good for you, Jim! That's mindin' some!' the crowd howled.

"Then, evidently egged on by the determined stand of the girl, the Bel Air players got around the umpire and began to jaw at him over the close decision at first, but he was immovable. It looked as if the game would bust up in a row right there. When the umpire pulled out his watch with the purpose of timing the kick and giving the game to the Sparrow's Pointers by forfeit the tail girl with the remarkable clutch on Jim relented, probably more for the sake of the crowd, which wanted to see a complete game, than from any shaken conviction er decreased hostility toward the umpire.

"Jim,' she called out to the man on first, "Jim,' she called out to the man on first, again getting to her feet, 'you can give it to 'em. Come off that bag. You sho' ain't out—but come off that sack!"

"And Jim, he just stepped off that sack like as if he was drilling with the awkward squad and was anxious to make a hit.

"Good for you, Jim—that sure is mindin'!" howled the delighted crowd, and the game was resumed.

was resumed.
"That wasn't any detached or isolated instance of the girls drag on the situation at a Bel Air ball game, either. The Sparrow Point pitcher hit one of the Bel Air batsman on the arm with the ball. It looked to me as if the batsman was scroonching forward for just that chance to trudge to first. He drayped his bat and hopped around estents.

as if the batsman was scroonching forward for just that chance to trudge to first. He dropped his bat and hopped around ostentatiously feeling of his arm. The umpire was mighty slow at this point, and I noticed that he was looking up out of the tail of his eye at the girls' stand before making any decision.

"You walk, son!' the girls called out to the batsman, with collective shrillness.

"H'm—er—take your base,' said the umpire, and the man trudged down to first, no longer feeling of his arm and winking broadly, while the Sparrow Pointers surged around the umpire and howled. But the umpire wasn't to be moved, and the hunch that he'd plainly derived from the girls in the stand stood.

"The girls had no meroy in them for the Sparrow Pointers, either. Most of the Sparrow Pointers, either. Most of the Sparrow Pointers had the long, artistically messed about hair that city athletes used to affect, and that is just now having its run away from urban centres. They liked their own hair so much that most of them went bareheaded throughout the game. But when one of the bareheaded Sparrow Pointers went to bat the girls got after him.

"Don't you dare to tell me that he hasn't got the nice pink hair, the duck!' they'd say to each other, right out loud, in their warmest and most rootful tones. He has got cute hair, so there now! He's a pet and a cutey, 'deed he is, and he puts it up in curl papers, so he does!' and the young fellow at bet would hear all of this merci-

and a cutey, 'deed he is, and he puts it up in curl papers, so he does!' and the young fellow at bat would hear all of this merciless kidding and suffer so acutely that the ball looked about the size of a liver pill to him as it floated down. Many of them whiffed ignominiously owing to nothing else in the world than the girls' guying.

"'Look what's batting!' the girls all shrieked out together when a little bit of a runt of a Sparrow Pointer appeared at the plate for the first time, and the sawed off was so flabbergasted by their stringing that he swung at things that would have grazed an upstanding giraffe's ears, all but broke his back trying to swat one that curved behind him, finally threw his bat away in his excitement, and walked back to the bench chewing grass with great savageness.

savageness.
"Hitters on both sides were constantly "Hitters on both sides were constantly slapping balls among the horses hitched to the rigs drawn up on the side lines, but the horses all appeared to be used to this sort of thing and would take a hot ball on the ear without any great amount of kicking up. But it made fielding pretty acrobatic work. One little Sparrow Pointer crawled under the legs of my horse for a hot grounder. He got the ball after the three men on bases had trudged home. hot grounder. He got the ball after the
three men on bases had trudged home,
and then he stood up, tossed the ball up in a
disgusted sort of way, and grunted:
"'Hell, you can't win a ball game and
beat the horses at the same time!'
"The Bel Air team, after a bad looking
start, made eight runs in one inning, and

start, made eight runs in one inning, amid scenes of riotous excitement on the girls' stand that I've rarely seen equalled, and finally won out by a score of 11 to 9.

"When the licked Sparrow Pointers were gathering up their bate—their bench was close to the base of the girls' perpendicular stand—what d'ye suppose those girls produced from somewhere about their persons and tossed in a shower at the crushed ball players?

players?
"Nope. Not lemons. But bean bags.
It seemed as if every girl in the bunch had
It seemed as if every bean bag to the grounds It seemed as if every girl in the bunch had brought a gingham bean bag to the grounds to be used in case the Bel Air boys won. And they covered the Sparrow Pointers up with bean bags, as much as to say that bean bag was about the only kind of a game that the Sparrow Pointers were up to playing.
"I'm telling you that it was an all right afternoon ball seance, and I'm saying it as is a fan, at that."

AMERICAN WASTEFULNESS. We Act as If We Thought Our Resources Were inexhaustible.

Instances of American wastefulness bound on every hand, but there is no better example than is afforded by the devastation of the forests, says the Colorado Springs Gazette. Untold millions of board feet of timber are left every year by lumbermen to rot on the ground or in stumps, and quantities almost as vast are

destroyed by forest fires. It was scarcely a decade ago that the forests of the United States were believed to be inex haustible, but now everybody who knows anything of the subject is aware that they are going so rapidly that their complete extinction is a matter of only a few years.

This fact is real zed by the railroads, the execution is a matter of only a few years.

This fact is real zed by the railroads, the great lumbering concerns and other extensive users of timber, and some of them are taking steps to replace the forests already destroyed. But from the planting of the seed to the cutting of the matured tree is a long time to wait—from twenty to thirty years—and in the meantime where is the country to look for its lumber supply?

The deposits of minerals and metals are going the same way. In an address to the Columbia University graduates in science the other day Dr. James Douglas said that the "monstrous wastefulness" of the mining methods in vogue in this country would soon bring about the exhaustion of "those resources which we have fondly regarded as inexhaustible."